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HOW TO CELEBRATE
WASHINGTON'S
BIRTHDAY
IN THE SCHOOLROOM.



*Patriotic Exercises, Declamations, Recitations, Drills,
Quotations, Etc., for the Primary, Grammar,
and High School.*

EDITED BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

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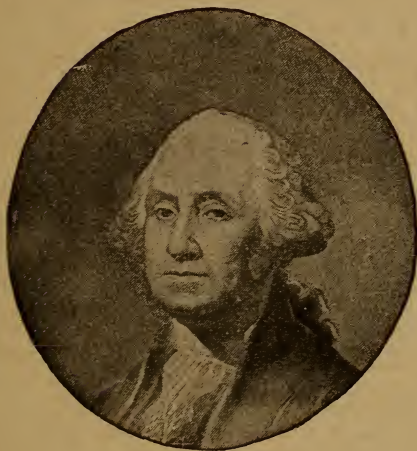
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(Continued on 3rd cover-page.)

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HIGH SCHOOL.*

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PREFACE.

Patriotism cannot be too much cultivated in our schools. By patriotism is not meant a sentiment which would cause unthinking laudation or an enthusiasm which would produce noisy demonstrations. Much better than this is the patriotism which leads to the deliberate belief that our nation is the greatest and noblest on the earth—a belief drawn from a study of our country's achievements and heroes of its history and of its present commanding position.

No day in the year offers so excellent an opportunity for patriotic lessons in natural history in our schools—lessons that will leave a lasting impression on children's minds—as the birthday of George Washington. The editor and publishers of this book offer it to teachers in the belief that it will be of material assistance to them in preparing a patriotic, dignified, and useful observance of this national holiday.

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HIS BIRTHDAY.

BY A. M. K.

(The following exercise can be made very picturesque by selecting among the youngest children, ten who are very nearly of the same height. Each child should wear a long white apron, and a mob cap made of blue muslin. Each of the letters in the word WASHINGTON should be twelve inches and painted red. Each child has one letter hung around her neck, and in the right turn steps on the platform and speaks, all the children together spelling the word Washington.)

(First little girl steps upon the platform, stands in the centre while she repeats her sentence, and when through steps to the end.)

W. We celebrate Washington's birthday because he was a brave and good man, and because he did so much for his country.

(Second child advances, stands in the centre to speak and then moves on to the side of the first child. All follow this plan till the name Washington is completed.)

A. George Washington was born in Virginia in 1793. The house is not standing now, but a stone with his name on it marks the place.

S. When he was thirteen years old he wrote out a great many papers, and rules to help him in his education.

H. He was so wise and just that his school-mates often called upon him to settle their disputes.

I. His favorite games were military ones. At school he divided his playmates into two armies which he named the French and American. He took command of the American side, and used corn-

stalks for muskets. Then he would fight the make-believe battle with great fury.

N. When Washington was nineteen years old he was given charge of real soldiers.

G. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the army.

T. During the eight years of the war he bravely and faithfully served his country.

O. Then he returned to his home at Mount Vernon, Virginia, a place where he loved to live quietly and comfortably.

N. His country did not want to give him up, however, so they chose him for the first president of the United States, and this position he held for eight years.

(The simplicity of the language and brief remarks make this exercise of special use to the primary children. But the representation is so pretty that it may be enlarged upon for an intermediate or grammar grade by introducing longer speeches and recitations that are to the point.)

TABLEAUX AND RECITATIONS.

(FOR THE PRIMARY GRADE.)

1. SONG—"America" (first stanza). [School.]
2. RECITATION—"Washington's Birthday."

(By a small boy.)

Once, last winter, I was playing
With my dog out in the street;
We were having fun together,
Racing to see who could beat.

From the houses all around us
Lovely flags were hanging out.
Jip and I could not help wond'ring
What it all could be about.

By and by we heard some music,
First it sounded far away;
When it turned around our corner,
Jip and I soon stopped our play.

And we stood quite still and watched them
Till no more they could be seen ;
Then we hurried home to mamma
To find out what it could mean.

Mamma looked down kindly on me :
“ Don't you know, my little son,
That to-day we keep the birthday
Of our brave George Washington ?

“ Long ago, in our own country,
When men struggled for the right,
It was Washington who led them
Through the thickest of the fight.

“ But at last the war was ended,
And the victory was won ;
Then a president was needed,
So they chose George Washington.

“ And to-day we keep his birthday ;
Let us each remember well
That his bravery and wisdom
Saved the land in which we dwell.”

3. (A Short Sketch of Washington's Childhood.)

(By the teacher.)

(*Bring in the hatchet incident.*)

4. RECITATION—“ *The Truthful Boy.*”

(By a small boy.)

Once there was a little boy
With curly hair and pleasant eye ;
A boy who always told the truth
And never, never told a lie.

All who knew him loved him much,
Because he always told the truth ;
And every day as he grew up
’Twas said, “ There goes an honest youth.”

5. RECITATION.

[School.]

Don't tell a lie, dear children,
No matter what you do.
Own up and be a hero,
Right honest, brave, and true.

6. RECITATION—" *Old Father Time.*"

(By a boy.)

I'm Old Father Time,
As old as can be;
I always have lived
(That's reason, you see).

I should like to remain,
But I really can't stay,
For Old Father Time
Must go on his way.

If I only could stay,
Some stories I'd tell
Of things that I've seen
In this land where you dwell.

But I cannot remain,
And so, when I go,
I will send you my daughters;
They will tell what they know.

7. TABLEAU—*Old Father Time and his Daughters.*

(This tableau represents Old Father Time sending his daughters, the months, to tell some stories connected with Washington's life and the Revolution.)

Old Father Time's costume consists of a gray wig, full beard, and a cloak. The months are costumed to represent the seasons to which they belong. Father Time, in the tableau, appears to be speaking, while the months are grouped around him in listening attitudes.)

8. RECITATION—" *The Months.*"

(Twelve girls.)

ALL.—Old Father Time sent us;
Would you like us to stay
And tell you the things
That he told us to say?

JANUARY.—I'm January,
First month of the year.
A week after Christmas
I always appear.

Once I was coming,
I heard a great roar ;
'Twas just as the battle
Of Trenton was o'er.

Not very long after
I heard a big gun ;
They said 'twas the battle
At Princeton begun.

FEBRUARY.—January's gone,
February's here,
See ! I am the smallest
Month of all the year.
Little though I am,
I am proud, you see,
For I bring the birthday
Of Washington with me.

MARCH.—You all have heard of Boston,
And it may be that you know
About what happened there, one March,
A long, long time ago.

The British men in Boston
Tried to keep our men away ;
But, of course, they couldn't do it,
Weren't smart enough, I say.

APRIL.—I shall bring to you the story
Of the men of Lexington ;
How they hurried to the battle
When they heard the "minute gun."

I will tell you too of Concord,
How the Red Coats ran away,
Frightened by a little army
Not half so large as they.

MAY.—A long time since,
In the month of May,
A fleet was anchored
In Charleston bay.

They thought they'd drive
Our army away ;
But they found our men
Had come to stay.

JUNE.—June is called the month of roses,
Now she comes, with flowers so gay,
In her turn to tell the story
Of one long and dreadful day.

All day long the people waited
For the tidings good or ill
That should tell them of the battle,
Who had won on Bunker Hill.

With sad hearts they heard the story
How the British twice gave way ;
Then came back in larger numbers
And, in triumph, won the day.

JULY.—Do you know why we keep
The Fourth of July?
If you don't know the reason
I'll just tell you why.

It all was about
"Independence," it seems ;
That's a very long word,
But you know what it means.

AUGUST.—At Bennington's great battle
I heard the general say,
"My Mollie Stark's a widow
Unless we win to-day."

"What does he mean?" I wondered.
Can he really mean to say,
If his men lose the battle
He'll want to die to-day?

But his soldiers didn't want it
To be that way, I guess ;
For they said, " We'll beat the British,
And they fought their very best.

SEPTEMBER.—The story that I bring you
Is neither bright nor glad ;
Perhaps I should not tell it,
Because it is so sad.

I tell of Arnold's treason ;
'Tis a sad, sad thing to know
That he turned against his country
And went over to the foe.

OCTOBER.—April told of war's beginning,
I shall tell you of its close ;
How our men at Yorktown's battle
Won a victory o'er their foes.

When the people heard the story
Every one was very glad,
For the thought of war and killing
Often made them very sad.

NOVEMBER.—The war is over ; soldiers,
Come, put away your guns ;
My ! won't your dear old mothers
Be glad to see their sons ?

And won't the wives and children,
Who have been so long alone,
Be almost wild with gladness,
When they know you're coming home ?

DECEMBER.—I'm the last of all the year,
Soon the New Year will be here ;
But, before I go away,
I have something sad to say.

One December, long ago,
An angel came and whispered low
To Washington. She said, " I come
To take you with me to my home."

9.—A LESSON ON THE AMERICAN FLAG.

(By the teacher.)

(*Aim of Lesson.*—To teach patriotism. To teach significance of our emblem. *Plan.*—Illustrate love of country by the story of Dom Pedro. Bring out the idea that, if a person loves his country, he will love any memento or symbol of it. Tell the children what the stars and stripes represent in our flag. Lead them to see that, since these represent States, the flag is the symbol of our country. Therefore, if a man loves his country, he will love its emblem, the flag.)

10. EXERCISE—" *The American Flag.*"

(Three girls.)

ALL.—We wear to-day the colors,
To which our men were true ;
Long may they wave above us,
The red, the white, the blue.

RED.—Bright as the rays of morning,
When comes the dawn's first gleam,
Within our much-loved banner
The crimson bars are seen.

WHITE.—Pure as the snowflakes falling,
Or early morning light,
Among the bars of crimson
Appear the bars of white.

BLUE.—Bright as the sky at evening
When gleam the stars of night,
The blue within our banner
Enfolds the stars of white.

ALL.—And the red, white, and blue
Forever "shall wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

(This exercise requires that each child shall wear a sash of tissue paper of the appropriate color. The

sash may be worn over the right shoulder and tied at the waist under the left arm.)

11. SINGING.

[School.]

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
 The Union, the Union forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

(Repeat this stanza. Let the children wave handkerchiefs as they sing.)

12. ACROSTIC—*Washington*.

[Ten children.]

(Each child is supplied with a white star, on which is a gilt letter. The stars are turned so that the letters are not visible to the audience. As each child recites, the star is turned and held up.)

W is for Warren, a soldier brave and bold.
 A is for General Arnold, a traitor, I am told.
 S is General Schuyler, always foremost in the fight,
 H is for John Hancock, who stood firm for the right.
 I is independence, for which our soldiers fought.
 N New York, a city, for which both armies sought.
 G is General Greene, a soldier of renown.
 T it stands for Trenton, an old historic town.
 O is for "Old Putnam," Washington's firm friend.
 N is for the Nation, they both fought to defend.

(The children stand for a moment and then repeat)—"First in peace; first in war; first in the hearts of his countrymen."

13. TABLEAU—"Strewing Flowers in Washington's Path."

(This tableau represents four little girls, dressed in white, strewing flowers in Washington's way. Paper flowers may be used, and if for any reason white is undesirable, the teacher may use her own preference in the matter of costumes.)

14. SINGING—"America" (second stanza). [School.]

OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

BY E. L. BENEDICT.

OPENING SONG. [*By the School.*] TUNE—"America."

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country ! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died ;
 Land of the pilgrim's pride ;
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country ! thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

OPENING ADDRESS. [*By teacher or older pupil.*]

In these hurrying times, when so much is occupying our attention, we are in danger of allowing our patriotism to grow cold. We do not say half as much about our country as the old Greeks used to ; and theirs could not begin to be such a glorious land as ours. And we do not sing our national songs half as often as do the people of other nations. Some of our best ones are seldom heard, and others I am afraid are entirely forgotten.

This afternoon we propose to revive some of our old, patriotic memories, poems, and songs.

ADDRESS TO THE FLAG. [*By a pupil.*]

In 1777, within a few days of one year after the Declaration of Independence, the congress of the colonies in the confederated states assembled and ordained this glorious national flag, and advanced it full high before God and all men as the flag of liberty.

It was no holiday flag, gorgeously emblazoned for gayety or vanity. It was a solemn national signal. When that banner first unrolled to the sun, it was the symbol of all those holy truths and purposes which brought together the colonial American Congress! Our flag means now all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam, or stripe of light, means liberty; not lawlessness, not license, but organized institutional liberty,—liberty through law, and laws for liberty.

Accept it, then, in all its fulness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand in the government, on the constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its ideas, be true to your country's flag.—*Beecher*.

DECLAMATION. [*By a pupil.*]

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph, high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on ;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall.—
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard-sheet !

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,

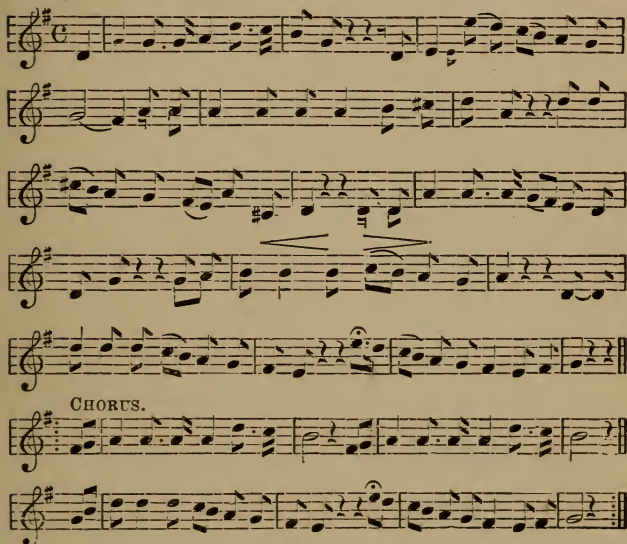
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

SINGING. [*By the school.*]

'THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.



O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free ;
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 The world offers homage to thee.
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When liberty's form stands in view ;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue.

Chorus.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue !
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue !
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble :
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue ?

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened this land to deform ;
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm.
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew ;
With her flag proudly floating before her,
Grand flag of the red, white, and blue.

Cho.—Three cheers, etc.

All the people of earth who come hither,
Come sing for the soldiers our hymn ;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the hearts of the people ne'er sever,
But all to our colors prove true :
Our vet'rans and heroes forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue !

Cho.—Three cheers, etc.

ADDRESS. [*By the teacher or an older pupil.*]

It would be interesting if we could tell just what were the earliest ideas of our forefathers about the making of the flag.

As soon as the colonists had fully decided to separate from the British, they began to think about having a flag of their own. We have no record of the devices that were proposed, nor the speeches that were made. But finally, about a month before the Declaration of Independence was made, the design was drawn out on paper, and a committee appointed to see about having the flag made. George Washington was one of this committee.

In a little house on Arch Street lived a woman whom Washington knew to be very skilful with her needle. She had embroidered the ruffles for his shirt-fronts for many years. Her name was Mrs. John Ross. To her, therefore, the committee went, and in her little back parlor the Father of his Country sat down and drew off the design for his country's flag. She agreed to undertake the making of

it, and must have been successful, for it is said that she was afterwards employed for many years by the Government in making flags.

There is no record of when or where the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled, but they were in general use soon after the Declaration of Independence.

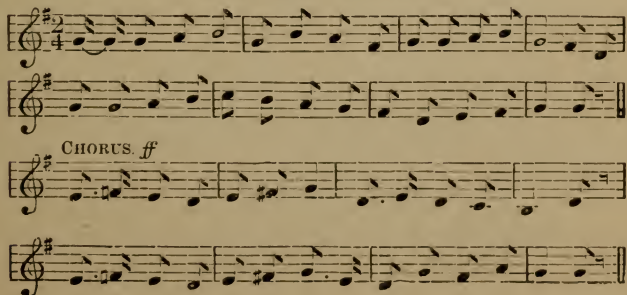
ADDRESS. [*By teacher or older pupil.*]

There is a famous air which lays claim above all others to be our national song. It did not originate in America, there is no patriotism in its words—they are simply ridiculous nonsense, and the music is quite in keeping with them. In itself there is nothing grand or inspiring, but merely on account of its associations the sound of this tune always quickens the heart of every true American.

We keep its memory green because we remember that our fathers played it for the British to keep step to, when they marched out of Yorktown a hundred years ago. The joke must have sorely vexed the enemy, for they themselves had used the tune so often in derision of the "Yankees," it was bitter fun to have it turned against them in this fashion. Then, too, at Bunker Hill the Americans were roused to enthusiasm by this old tune, as they made their first furious resistance against those who had so long bullied and derided them.

[*The air of "Yankee Doodle" here to be played once on the piano.*]

YANKEE DOODLE.



"Yankee Doodle" first appeared in America at the time of the French wars, twenty years before the Revolution.

Our ragged, uncouth countrymen, when they marched into Albany to join the British regulars against the French, were a funny-looking set. Some wore long coats, some short ones, some none at all. Some had their hair close-cropped, and some wore it down on their shoulders. The music they tried to keep step to was as outlandish as their appearance, and altogether they furnished a great deal of amusement to their well-dressed allies. One of the British officers in derision offered to give them a tune to march by, and taught them "Yankee Doodle." Instead of being offended, the colonists were well pleased, and did some lively marching to it, all through the war.

Twenty years afterward, when the Revolutionary struggle began, "Yankee Doodle" appeared again, this time with some doggerel rhymes which an enterprising New-Englander had produced. The American "boys" caught them up and made merry over them. Here are some of the words they sang: [*School sings.*]

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding;
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty-pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

The British too fixed up some verses and sang them back at the Yankees. Here is a sample: [*School sings.*]

Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a firelock,
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock.—*Chorus.*

But "Yankee Doodle" had done service in making fun of people long before this. Away back in the time of Cromwell, when that great man came riding into Oxford, he wore a plume upon his hat which the King called a macaroni, and so the King's party sang:

[*School sings.*]

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called him macaroni.—*Chorus.*

ADDRESS. [*Teacher or pupil.*]

A song that was written for the express purpose of arousing a national feeling, at a time when there was danger that the country was going to divide and take sides with England and France, is "Hail Columbia."

The author had aimed to express an *American* spirit, so that those that heard it would not run to take the part of either England or France, but remember that they had a glorious land of their own—and he succeeded. It was sung every night for the entire season, was caught up and sung on the streets, and soon became a national song.

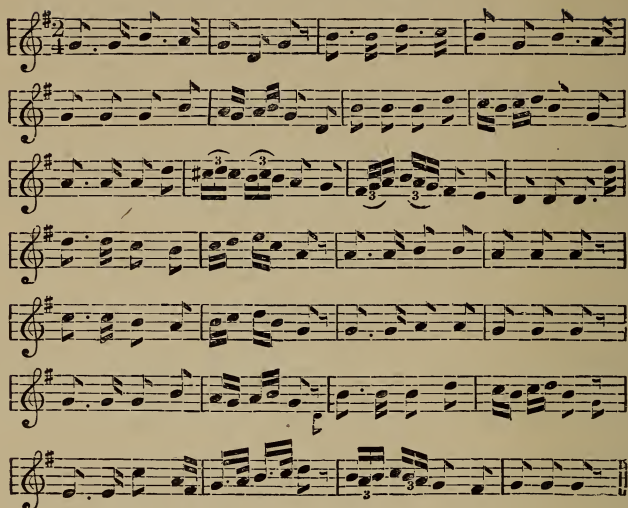
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety shall we find.

HAIL COLUMBIA.



Immortal patriots ! rise once more ;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace, sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Cho.—Firm, united, etc.

SONG. [*By the school.*]

ADDRESS. [*By teacher or older pupil.*]

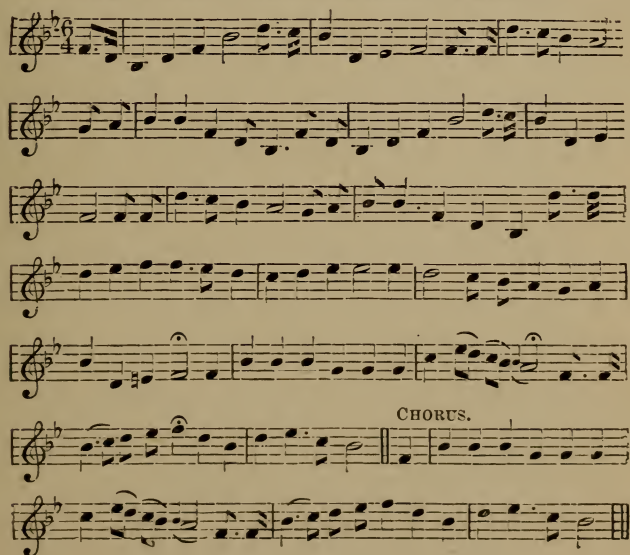
Another song—one of the grandest of all, and most commonly recognized as the national song of our country, is “The Star-Spangled Banner,” written by Francis Scott Key. It was founded upon the following facts: Just before the attack on Baltimore by the British, a gentleman had gone out from that city with a flag of truce to get a friend released.

When he reached the mouth of the Patuxent he was told he would not be allowed to return for fear that he would tell them of the attack the British were preparing to make. He was kept a prisoner therefore within sight of the fort as long as the battle lasted. All day he watched the fort where his countrymen were fighting under the Stars and Stripes, and when it grew dark he watched the flying bombs.

As it grew light next morning he strained his eyes in the greatest anxiety to see if the flag were still flying at the top of the fort. The music is an old air composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold of Oxford.

SONG. [*By the school.*]

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



OH! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
 gleaming—
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
 perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there ;
O ! say does that star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave ?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-
poses,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream ;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O ! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave ?

Oh ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desola-
tion ;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us
a nation ;
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just ;
And this be our motto, " In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

HISTORIC EXERCISE.

(For the Grammar Grade.)

By ELIZABETH R. MOREY.

CHARACTERS. { Clio, Years, Children,
 { Fairies, Liberty, Battlefields.

Clio.—God called the earth from chaos,
 And put it in its place,
 Then with one touch He sent it
 A-rolling on through space.
 The savants say 'twas ages
 Before this all was done,
 And I, the Muse of History,
 My earthly work begun.

That matters not ; but since that time
 No rest has come to me,
 For all the nations of the earth
 Are making history.

And so from morn till evening
 I work with all my might ;
 In this great book of facts
 I must ever write, *write*, WRITE.

Hark ! There's somebody coming.
 O dear ! I hear a-knocking ;
 And listen ! what a clatter !
 I really think it's shocking.

Come in. My poor head's aching,
 You're making such a noise.

(*Enter several boys and girls.*)

(*Aside.*) Bless me ! what are they after,
 So many girls and boys ?

Children.—We've come—but please to tell us
 If you are History's Muse ?

(*Clio bows assent.*)

O, then I'm sure, fair Clio,
 You never will refuse

To take that queer old book, (*points to book*)
 Full of tales of bygone ages,
 And, for a century or so,
 Turn back the dusty pages
 Till you find the name of him
 Whose wisdom saved the nation.
 Please do this, and help onward
 The cause of education.

Clio.—Now, pray, whom are you after?
 What is this hero's name?

Children.—Why, *Clio*, don't you know him?—
 That man of world-wide fame?

'Twas he who bravely battled
 Until *liberty* was won,
 Who saved us from the tyrant's power,
 Our honored *Washington*.

Clio.—Tell you the tale of Washington?
 Full well I know his name;
 In lines of gold 'tis blazoned
 Upon the scroll of fame.

But all too long the story
 Methinks for *me* to tell;
 I'll call for you the years,
 I'm sure they know it well.

(*Calls*.) What, ho! without there, now!
 Fair elves, at once appear,

(*Enter several elves*.)

Now call from out the past
 For me each silent year;
 And bid them all come hither
 To tell the tale of one
 Whose name we'll ever honor,
 The valiant *Washington*.

(*She hands them a paper: they all read it, and then sing.*
Air from "Pinafore.")

O dear me!
 But this is hard;
 Yes, we see
 It's a placard.

O yes ! it's a placard,
 We see it's a placard ;
 Now no more in merry fashion
 Can we dance upon the green.
 We are in a raging passion,
 And must hurry to the queen.

(Repeat music for next four lines.)

She will bid us all be ready,
 Scour the country far and wide ;
 None but fairies tried and steady
 Know where all the old years hide.

So we'll go,
 Tho' it is hard,
 For we know
 It's a placard. *(All go out.)*

(Enter Years.)

O long we've been sleeping
 So peaceful and still ;
 Now the fairies have called us,
 What can be their will ?
 O, why were we summoned ?
 What is this mystery ?
 These the problems that vex us,
 O fair History !

You only can tell why,
 To all of our number,
 The fairies came wakening
 Us from our slumber.

Clio.—I have called you to tell
 Of the work that was done
 By the nation's great leader,
 Our brave Washington.

O years of his life,
 As brief as ye can,
 Tell to us now the tale
 Of this wonderful man.

Years.—So this is why we were wakened from
 slumber—to tell the children of 1894 the story of

Washington. 'Tis a wondrous tale and we are glad to tell it, and may those who hear profit by the example he set them. Comè, 1732, 'tis your place to begin.

1732.—Beneath the frowning wintry skies
 All white the old earth lay,
 When to a fair Virginian home
 A baby came one day.
 I am the year he came to you,
 My name is 1732.
 And now, as time by you is reckoned,
 The day was February 22d.

(*All the years.*)

A manly boy, who dared not lie,
 Swiftly for him the years went by.
 Honest and faithful, true and just,
 He ne'er betrayed another's trust,
 And through the moons that waxed and waned
 The name he bore was e'er unstained.

1748.—Now full of energy the boy
 For manhood scarce could wait,
 And a surveyor's work begun
 In seventeen forty-eight.

Years.—He was appointed surveyor in March, 1748, when only sixteen years of age, and followed this profession for three years, surveying and laying out large tracts of land in the Shenandoah Valley.

1753.—While still a boy he heard his name
 In trumpet accents called by Fame,
 And then, without a thought of fear,
 Boldly I heard him answer, "*Here.*"

Would'st know the work she gave to him?
 Then come through forests dark and dim,
 O'er ice-locked streams and frozen snows
 Follow where'er the hero goes.

Far in the country's hidden heart
The French had come with cunning art
And built, to hold his native land,
Fort after fort on every hand,

To them now in the nation's name,
His country's messenger, he came.

Years.—In 1753 Governor Dinwiddie sent him with a letter to the commander of the French in the Ohio Valley, bidding him withdraw his forces from the country. This the French refused to do, and not long after war was declared.

1755.—Then England sent a stalwart band
To drive the Frenchmen from the land ;
Little they knew of savage craft,
At hunters' tales they only laughed :
And so they gayly marched away,
All deathward on one fatal day.

Only the song-bird's notes they heard,
Only the winds the green leaves stirred,
'Till, hark ! a fearful cry of woe,
And every tree concealed a foe ;
With hundreds dead, their leader gone,
Who saved the rest ?—'Twas *Washington*.

Years.—Washington was appointed aide-de-camp to General Braddock, who was sent against the French and defeated them July 9, 1755.

1756.—Faithful in the work he wrought,
Honors came to him unsought,
And e'en Cupid, fickle one,
Bowed before our Washington.

Years.—In January, 1759, when scarcely twenty-seven years of age, he became a member of the House of Burgesses, and on the sixth of the same month he married Mrs. Martha Custis.

1774.—In 1774 he was also a member of the first Continental Congress.

1775.—The flags of war, like summer-birds,
 Are flying in the breeze ;
 And what is this I now behold
 Beneath the fair green trees ?
 Only a band of sturdy men
 Determined to be free,
 And for their leader brave and true
 Our Washington I see.

Years.—On June 15, 1775, Washington was elected commander-in-chief of the army, and on July 3 he took command beneath the old elm on Cambridge green.

(*A noise outside.*)

History.—A knock outside. Who now appears ?
 What forms are these I see ?

(*Enter Liberty and Battlefields.*)

Liberty.—I am the nation's honored guest,
 The goddess Liberty.
 Through all that long, unequal strife,
 Of eight sad, weary years,
 'Twas I upheld the nation's hands,
 And dried the nation's tears.
 The battlefields of Washington,
 Are with me here to-day ;
 They, too, would celebrate his birth,
 A milestone on our way.

All sing.—Tune : " America."
 To thee who made us free,
 Fair goddess Liberty,
 Bend we the knee.
 Emblem of Washington,
 Telling the work he's done,
 All of his vict'ries won,
 Welcome to thee.

(*Battlefields together.*)

'Tis of old battlefields
 We have come here to tell,—
 A wonderful story,
 We all know it well.

First.—In their gay scarlet coats,
The first of the war,
In the streets of old Boston
The English I saw.
'Till on Dorchester Heights,
On a breezy March day,
Our Washington came ;
Then they sailed down the bay.

All.—The British evacuated Boston, March 17,
1776.

Second.—I come from Long Island,
Where we met defeat,

Third.—And I'm from White Plains,
Whence we had to retreat.

All.—The battle of Long Island was fought August 27, 1776, and that of White Plains, October 28.

Fourth.—

'Twas Christmas, and flakes of white snow filled the
air,
And ice-cakes went floating down the fair Delaware.
In the darkness of night our brave Washington
Crossed the river, and Trenton's great victory won.

All.—The battle of Trenton was fought December 26, 1776.

Fifth.—Behold, now from Princeton
I come unto thee,
Where again our brave leader
Won a great victory.

All.—The battle of Princeton was fought January
3, 1777.

Sixth.—I am the next to stand in line,
The battle lost at Brandywine.

Seventh.—At Germantown defeat you'll see
That was almost a victory.

All.—The Americans were defeated at the battle
of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and at Germantown,
October 4.

Eighth.—Behold in me that dreary time
When 'mid the wintry sleet and rime
At Valley Forge our army lay,
Waiting for Freedom's brighter day.

All.—The army went into winter quarters at
Valley Forge, December 11, 1777.

Ninth.—I come from Yorktown, and in me
Behold our greatest victory.

All.—The British under Cornwallis surrendered to
Washington, October 19, 1781.

Long, dreary years of war were o'er,
The sun of peace shone out once more,
And now, a soldier's work all done,
Home went our honored *Washington*.

All.—November 2, 1783, Washington bade fare-
well to the army and returned to Mount Vernon.

Years.—But not for long he lingered there,
His work was not yet done.
A leader soon was needed,
And they called for Washington.

All.—Washington was elected President, March
4, 1789, and re-elected March 4, 1793.

Years.—Behold him now, so brave and wise,
The nation's President.
For eight long years he kept the place,
Then left it,—well content
To spend 'mid childhood's happy scenes
The remnant of his life;
Through years of doubt, of pain and toil,
He'd seen enough of strife.
Yet, when again the tide of war
The nation would o'erwhelm,
Again we called for Washington
To come and take the helm.

All.—In 1798, when war between this country and
France seemed imminent, Washington was appointed
Commander-in-Chief of the army.

Years.—To-day the nation mourns her own,
 And, on December's bleak winds blown,
 O'er all the land have tidings sped—
 Weep! for our *Washington is dead.*
 O muffled drums, now sadly roll!
 O bells in every steeple, toll!
 To him the summons hath been sent,
 Dead lies he,—our *first President.*

All.—Washington died at Mount Vernon, December, 1799.

History.—Why mourn his loss? Death comes to all,
 And he was ready for his call,
 The bravest man I ever saw.

Years.—Oh, he was ever "First in war."

History.—Yet he rejoiced to see wars cease.

Years.—Yes, he was ever "First in peace."

History.—The first in war and peace, and then—

Years.—"First in the hearts of his countrymen."

HONORING THE FLAG.

By HERBERT S. KELLOGG.

[The children in our public and private schools should be taught to reverence and admire the flag of their country. It is the symbol of a national existence, a binding of family to family, town to town, and state to state. A respect for the national flag means a regard for personal liberty, an appreciation of the rights of others, a mutual foundation for national independence. This can be taught and made to grow in the child's mind. Scenic effects help to strengthen and make the impression more lasting. Each school and each class should have its flag. The school flag should be floated to the breeze on a flagpole on memorable battle-anniversaries. At other times it should be kept in a glass case where it can be seen. Music is a necessary adjunct. A piano may not be within reach of all, but a drum and fife can be substituted.]

For a successful production of the following exercise the school should secure as many flags of all sizes as possible. Bunting and streamers may be used for decoration of walls or of stage. Small flags can be bought by the hundred very cheaply, and every pupil should have one pinned on his or her breast. During the songs the drum should be rolled, at least in the choruses.

The boy who declaims "The American Flag" should carry a large flag and staff to platform, and hold same in his left hand.

Three boys should be selected to give the "History of the Flag," each bearing a flag on a staff.

During the marching songs the flags should be waved, and before the school is dismissed all the flags should be collected on the platform for a display.]

1. At a given signal the drum should be rolled or a march played upon the piano. The school will stand and march. If there is room they can march around the room carrying their flags.

2. SONG—" *Nobly our Flag.*"

(During the song all flags will be held aloft.)

3. DECLAMATION—" *The American Flag* " (Drake).

(In this the speaker carries a flag.)

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph, high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on ;
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glist'ning bayonet,
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance ;
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,—
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush madly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard-sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

4. ADDRESS :

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

From time immemorial nations have used flags and banners as symbols of independence, power, and union. But that glorious banner which you see there is the flag of which I shall speak to you to-day. How fittingly it describes the land of the Western hemisphere! The red bars represent the bands of light sent forth by the sun while it sinks below the horizon in the west, and above it the stars shine forth in the blue of heaven.

When our forefathers came over here they carried the flags and banners of the countries from which they came. There were the crosses of England, the tri-color of France, and the eagles of Spain. We had no use for a national flag other than the English till the battle of Bunker Hill. At that time a flag was set up having the English crosses in the field, and also thirteen bars representing the thirteen colonies. I do not know whether the Americans would have done better that day had their flag been totally different, but I do know that Congress soon adopted the flag as you see it now, except that then it had thirteen stars instead of thirty-eight.

Who does not remember the devotion of one man who watched all night the flag on a Southern fort which the British had been bombarding? At night-fall it was not known whether the fort had been taken or not, but Francis S. Key waited till dawn, and there, in the first streaks of light, saw the flag floating as proudly as ever. This incident suggested to him the words of the song, "Star-Spangled Banner," which have become so famous.

5. MARCHING SONG—"Star-Spangled Banner."

6. ADDRESS TO THE FLAG.

(In this the speaker carries a flag on a staff six or eight feet in height.)

We welcome you, friends, to-day, in the name of our flag. We mark with feelings of pride and

pleasure the progress it has led our nation during our hundred odd years of freedom. Who among us, looking at the vast number of people yearly, daily, coming to our shores, can deny that it is the banner of freedom, liberty, justice, and equality?

But our flag is the flag of all flags. It is the emblem of an honest, earnest cause, and in the endeavor to promote or defend that cause men have cheerfully given their blood—their lives. Captain James Lawrence sailed out of Boston with a poorly-equipped ship to fight a British frigate. He lost the battle, but his last words, "Don't give up the ship," proved his devotion to his flag. At Fort Moultrie, in the South, our flag had been shot away, when young Sergeant Jasper ran down an embankment amid a perfect storm of bullets, seized the flag, and mounted it on a ramrod in its place upon the rampart.

In battle, the bearer of the flag is always in a dangerous position, yet who can account for the devotion displayed by our brave soldiers and sailors? Who can tell why the sailor nails his colors to the mast? Why do the soldier-boys volunteer so readily to recapture a lost flag? Is it not because they feel their cause to be right, and that right means might, and what can prevail against right and might?

But I have only given you instances, and they are enough to show the general attitude towards our flag; and who can suppress a thrill of pleasure, who does not have some feelings of pride, as he sees our banner so proudly floating in the air? It yields its floating folds to the buoyant breeze. It nods its head, dances, flies—seems almost human as it hangs at its staff and then suddenly springs into life as a whistling wind smooths out its creases.

Flag of beauty, flag of might,
Floating on the breezes light,
Crimson bars and bars of white,
Studded with the stars of night—

Float on ever, night and day,
O'er our land so free, for aye !

7. MARCHING SONG, with drum and fife, and chorus, " Rally round the Flag, Boys."

WASHINGTON IS OUR MODEL.

By HENRY G. WILLIAMS.

[The following double acrostic may be rendered by five boys and five girls, arranged alternately, or by ten boys or ten girls—best when rendered by five boys and five girls. Each one should be provided with a small sash of red, white, and blue, or have a small flag pinned to the right shoulder. Formed in an arch upon the wall behind the stage should be the words, GEORGE WASHINGTON, made by cutting the letters neatly out of pasteboard or cardboard, and tastefully wrapping each with narrow strips of red, white, and blue tissue-paper. The letters may be tacked or pasted on the wall. Under the arch have date of birth and death. Each of the ten pupils must be provided with two large letters, made from bright cardboard, and made so as to be easily attached by the pupils to the front of their clothes at the proper time. A letter may be held in each hand. Before the pupil recites the first part assigned him, he carefully fastens the letter to his vest-front by the bent pin in it, and so on through the class, until the word WASHINGTON is spelled. The first pupil then, in a similar manner, recites the second part assigned him, and so on till the motto, " Washington is our Model," is spelled out in plain view to the audience, the second line of letters being attached to the clothes a few inches below the first.]

W is for Washington, "the first, the noblest, the best, the Cincinnatus of the West."

A for Abraham Lincoln, who served his country well, but was killed by a vile assassin.

S is for Saratoga, one of those memorable battles which gave us our independence.

H stands for the Hessians whom the English hired to fight the Americans.

I is for Independence, gained by Washington and his brave fellow-soldiers.

N is for New York, the city in which Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States.

G is for General Gates, who defeated the British General Burgoyne at Saratoga, and brought joy to the American people.

T stands for Tories, the people who were opposed to independence.

O stands for "Our Country," "the home of the brave and the land of the free."

N stands for National Flag, the glorious star-spangled banner, which every soldier will fight for, and which every one loves to see.

ALL.

Three cheers for the flag, the glorious flag, the flag of Washington. (*Two small pupils, stationed one at each end of the class and a little in front, now wave flags which they have kept behind them until now.*)

I is for Isaac Van Wart, one of those three daring patriots who captured Major André and stopped Arnold's plans.

S stands for Soldier, than whom none was braver than Washington, and to whom none was more kind.

O is for the Old Independence Bell, which rang out the joyful tidings of "liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

U stands for Union, firm and strong, made strong by the cementing blood of patriots.

R stands for Republic, established by Washington, and the best form of government for a free and progressive people.

M is for Monmouth, the battle in which Washington bitterly rebuked a cowardly officer, and personally led the soldiers into battle, thus saving his army from disgrace and defeat.

O stands for "Old Ironsides," which, under three different commanders, won brilliant victories against the British in the "Second War for American Independence."

D stands for the Declaration of Independence, which at last brought freedom to America.

E stands for the English, whom Washington routed on many battle-fields.

L stands for the Liberty the Revolutionary war gave us.

ALL.

"Washington is our model,"

Is the motto we've made for you;

In the battle of life like him we'll be—

Brave and generous, kind and true.

"Washington is our model,"
Is a good motto for us all ;
Like him we will love this country of ours,
And be ready to answer her call.

"Washington is our model,"
Straight and strong and brave,
With eye of light, and frame of might,
And arm of power to save.

"Washington is our model,"
Upright, firm, and grand,
With kindly face and heart of grace,
And firm and fearless hand.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[This may be used as a reading exercise by copying the questions and answers and distributing them among the pupils. As the teacher calls the numbers in turn, the pupils rise in their places and respond, one with the question and another with the reply]

1. Tell something of Washington's ancestors.

He was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, of which a branch had been established in Virginia. His English ancestors were allied to those of the highest rank. His mother belonged to the most ancient Saxon family of Fairfax, of Towcester, in Northumberland.

2. Where was Washington born ?

Near the banks of the beautiful Potomac, in West moreland County, Va. It was a very small place called Bridge's Creek.

3. What kind of games did Washington like to play when he was young ?

He liked to pitch quoits, toss bars, and try his strength in leaping and wrestling. At school he divided his playmates into two armies, called the French and Americans. With corn-stalks for muskets and calabashes for drums, the two armies would every day fight a battle with great fury. He always commanded the Americans.

4. How old was he when his father died?
Ten years old.

5. How did he always treat his mother?
With the greatest respect and attention; and as
you follow him through life you will find him

“Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all.”

“Hail, patriot chief, all hail! Historic Fame
In purest gold hath traced thy glorious name!
Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun,
And proud mankind its only Washington.”

6. Why do you call him “Historic Fame”? I
thought he was “the father of his country.”

Because he never spared himself in any way and
was always first in battle. The bullets often razed
his hair and riddled his cloak, but he would tell his
soldiers, “Stand fast and receive the enemy.”

7. Tell us some of Washington’s maxims.
Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark
of celestial fire called conscience.

Speak not evil of the absent: it is unjust.

Commerce and industry are the best mines of a
nation.

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem
your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than
in bad company.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses
of every one.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and
let those few be well tried before you give them
your confidence.

8. When did the Revolutionary war begin?
April 19, 1775.

9. What cry was repeated everywhere?
“War has begun! To arms! to arms! liberty or
death!”

“ Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame:
Come out with me in Freedom’s name,
For her to live, for her to die.”

10. What was needed at once?
A commander-in-chief.

11. Who was appointed to fill this position?
George Washington.

“ He lives ! ever lives in the hearts of the free ;
The wing of his fame spreads across the broad sea ;
He lives where the banner of freedom’s unfurled,
The pride of his country, the wealth of the world.”

12. Tell us something about his taking command of the army.

He set out from Philadelphia on the twenty-first of June, 1775, to take command of the army at Cambridge, and was accompanied to New York by Generals Lee and Schuyler, with one troop of light-horse. He was received with all possible public honors, but there was no burning of powder, for New York had then but four barrels, as all the rest had been forwarded to Cambridge. He left General Schuyler in command at New York, and went on to Cambridge. On the morning of July 3 the troops were drawn up on the common at Cambridge. Washington wheeled about his fiery black charger, drew his sword, and, flashing it in the air, took command of the armies of the United Colonies.

13. How did he influence the soldiers ?

He inspired them with reverence and enthusiasm. His height was six feet three, and he seemed born to command.

14. When did the British finally leave Boston ?

March 17, 1776, in seventy-eight ships and transports.

15. After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, what did Washington do ?

He went to see his mother at Fredericksburg, for he had not seen her in six years.

16. Who went with him?

Lafayette, and they found her at work in her garden. Lafayette began to tell her of the world-wide love bestowed upon her son, but she interrupted him by saying, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

17. Who was Lord Fairfax?

A staunch loyalist, and when he heard that Washington had captured Cornwallis and all his army he called out to his black waiter, "Come, Joe, carry me to my bed, for I'm sure it's high time for me to die." He was now over ninety years of age.

"Then up rose Joe, all at the word,
And took his master's arm;
And to his bed he softly led
The lord of Greenway farm.

"Then thrice he called on Britain's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then sighed, 'O Lord, Thy will be done!'
And word spake nevermore."

18. Tell us something about Washington after he resigned command of the army.

He went to Mount Vernon to live, and, as he had spent so much of his own money during the war, he was obliged to practise very close economy; but he would accept nothing from Congress, for he had served his country from love alone.

19. What was his especial delight?

He took especial delight in beautifying the grounds about his house. Dinner at Mount Vernon was at half-past two, and if there was no company he would write until dark. He loved his wife's children as well as if they were his own, and always found time for his family; but the quiet of his home was soon to be disturbed.

20. In what way?

The unanimous choice of the nation was that he should fill the Presidential chair, and he was forced to accept.

21. When and where did the inauguration take place?

April 30, 1789, in New York City.

22. What did the people do in 1789 when he took the oath of office?

All the bells in the city were rung, the people cheered, and there was a thundering of artillery. Then they went to St. Paul's Church on foot, where services were held. Brilliant illuminations and fireworks concluded the day.

23. Why did Washington accept a second term of office if he was so anxious for a quiet home life?

The people would have no one else, and he was obliged to accept to keep peace in the country he loved so well; but it was with a heartfelt sense of relief that he left the seat of government in 1797 and entered once more upon the quiet home life at Mount Vernon.

24. How did he spend the remaining years of his life?

In repairing houses that were fast going to ruin, making and selling a little flour each year, and amusing himself in agricultural and rural pursuits. He died in December, 1799, and his last words were, "'Tis well, 'tis well."

THE BUILDERS.

By LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

[Ten primary children can give this exercise on Washington's Birthday. Each one must have a block with the letter denoted in his verse. These blocks may be made of pasteboard boxes twelve inches square, with a large letter painted in black ink on one side. The children stand in a semicircle, and each in turn advances to the centre of the stage and puts his block in place. At the last line of the last verse all wave their right hands as they say the name of Washington.]

Together.—

Oh, a long and weary way
We who greet you've come to-day;
And from out the smiles and tears
That make up the silent years

We have culled one honored name.
'Tis to keep alive his fame,
From the past we have been sent
Here to build a monument.

Would you know our names? Behold,
They are writ in lines of gold,
And we'll place them one by one
On this structure, that, when done,
On it you may plainly see
Who first gave us *liberty*.

1st Child.—

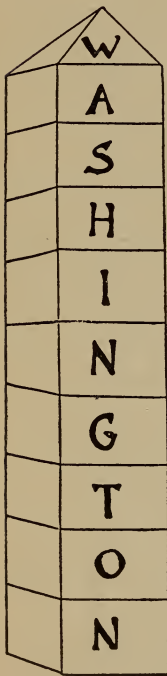
He who buildeth to endure
Makes the whole foundation sure;
So this block I'll put in place,
With an N upon its face.

2d Child.—

Here you see my offering,
This the second stone I bring;
Now I'll place it here, and, lo!
On it see the letter O.

3d Child.—

Block by block this shaft we'll rear,
Till the whole name doth appear.
This the third stone, as you see,
Bears upon its side a T.



4th Child.—

As one to some olden shrine,
I come with this block of mine.
Look upon its face with me,
There you'll find the letter G.

5th Child.—

I am next, and take my stand
Fifth one of this little band ;
Here my block I'll place, and then
All can see the letter N.

6th Child.—

Higher yet with every one—
Ere this column shall be done,
Like a bird 'twill reach the sky.
My block bears the letter I.

7th Child.—

Bring to me the next stone now,
Place it here, and you'll avow
That no fairer shall appear ;
Letter H is graven here.

8th Child.—

Upward still, without a fear,
Climbs this structure that we rear.
May its walls for aye abide !
S is written on this side.

9th Child.—

Straightway I'll fall into line ;
Ne'er a fairer stone than mine
'Mong them all is seen to-day ;
See ! it bears the letter A.

10th Child.—

So we'll make our column strong ;
Here the capstone doth belong ;
This I'll put in place, then view
On its face a W.

All.—

Just ten massive blocks are we,
Chiselled for eternity ;
Quarried from the mines of truth,
Wearing aye a deathless youth ;
Building here so strong and sure
Structure that shall e'er endure ;
Block by block and one by one,
We spell the name of WASHINGTON.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

A SERIES OF TABLEAUX, ETC., FOR FEBRUARY 22.

By the Author of "Preston Papers."

Only general suggestions are made, much being left to the individuality and invention of each teacher using these "illustrations." The style of dress can be more or less elaborated, according to circumstances.

Stage settings, bunting, Revolutionary relics, and old-time furniture needed to assist in bringing out the details of some of the "pictures" can usually be borrowed by making a schoolroom request for a loan of certain articles, asking any of the pupils who can look up any one of them to report within a given time, that the collection may be made in season for *one* complete rehearsal.

First of all, decide upon how many and which "pictures" can be presented upon the platform with the material and "characters" that are accessible.

Second, assign the "parts," choosing the reader or speaker (who stands before the curtain while the "changes" are being made on the platform behind it) for each selection or speech from among those best qualified for that part. *Any one* can pose in a tableau under good management, but the readers and orators of the occasion should be those who are

equal to it. These may appear in old-time costume if desired.

Third.—A good “stage-manager” is absolutely indispensable, who, with assistants, will attend in full to the details, leaving the teacher entirely free to see to things in general. One of the older pupils is generally willing to undertake this, and it is better not to go outside for help if possible to avoid it. Make it a “school entertainment,” with parents, patrons, and trustees for guests and audience, for obvious reasons. The “stage-manager” must *know the program* thoroughly; *what* is to be produced, and how and when; *who* is to take a part, which and where; what article is needed for each “change” on the platform, and its exact location—also, precisely how it is to be arranged *quickly* and *quietly*, that the speaker outside the curtain may not be embarrassed, nor the attention of the audience diverted.

Fourth, a complete rehearsal is necessary, and is better if only given the day before the entertainment; although “part” rehearsals must have been so thorough as to render this almost superfluous—for instance, at this time there must be no new drill or posing, no mechanical effects added that are at all likely to disturb the relative places of the “figures.” The attendants must be familiar with the time and signals for changes and for rise and fall of the curtain.

The accessories of dress are easily arranged, those for the boys being three-cornered hats, wigs (white, powdered, tied, etc.), canes, snuff-boxes, knee-pants, long stockings, low shoes with big buckles, “frilled” shirt-fronts, etc. “Swallow-tails” of the most approved cut can be improvised from ordinary frock or Prince Albert coats; and others may be turned back and faced over the breast with buff. Showy waistcoats may be made from ordinary cretonne, and the shoe-buckles can be cut from pasteboard and covered with silver or gilt paper.

The dresses for the girls should be plain, rather

full skirts, with some court-train overdresses ; low-necked, round bodices ; sleeves short, plain, finished with deep lace ruffles ; high-heeled slippers with big bows or buckles ; antique fans, snuff-boxes, work-bags, necklaces, caps, earrings (which may be fastened by a stout thread around the ear), etc. ; hair à la *Pompadour* and powdered.

Teachers can perhaps supply their own data for the "literary execution" of the program, though possibly some hints given below may be helpful ; also dates of some of the most important events in Washington's life.

The following scenes are suggested for tableaux :

1. The familiar "Hatchet" story.
2. Washington training his playfellows when at school.
3. Entreated by his mother not to enter the navy.
4. His first visit to Mrs. Custis.
5. The Stamp Act.
6. Our Magna Charta. (July 4, 1776.)
7. Farewell address to his officers.
8. Triumphal March—scene at Trenton.
9. Receiving the oath of office.
10. Washington and family at home.

TO BE READ OR RECITED BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the midday's sunny hours ;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn

When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born !

* * * * *

Amid the wreck of thrones shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame ;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

BRYANT.

"The Little Hatchet Story," *Elocutionists' Annual*, No. 6, p. 163, may be read, in addition to the above selection, if time admits, and is specially desirable where a humorous turn is desired to be given.

(Scenes First and Second may follow.)

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

"George Washington may justly be pronounced one of the greatest men whom the world has produced. Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race—perhaps in our own country—but not one who to great excellence in each of these fields has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. . . . That one grand, rounded life, full-orbed with intellectual and moral glory, is worth, as the product of Christianity, more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. . . . He was a blessing to the whole human race, no less than to his own countrymen—to the many millions who celebrate the day of his birth."

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

(Scene Third.)

FIRST VISIT TO MRS. CUSTIS.

Tableau : Scene—Sitting-room ; window in the background ; table in centre ; children—one boy and a little girl—on floor in front of the mother,

who is in the act of rising to greet the young officer standing near table, hat in left hand, sword at his side.

(*Scene Fourth.*)

The speech by James Otis against the "Stamp Act" fully illustrates the feeling prevalent against it: "England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, proud and firm in this youthful land. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life—another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

"We are two millions, *one fifth* fighting men. We call no man Master!

"Some have sneeringly asked, 'Are the Americans *too poor* to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?' *No!* America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand. . . .

"Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of *gratitude* which we owe to England. And what, is the *amount* of this debt? . . . We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and the torch were behind us. We owe *nothing* to the kind succor of the mother country—tyranny drove us from her to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy."

The Act was passed by the British Parliament, March 22, 1765, but was the occasion of so much excitement, overt resistance, and such violent protests, that it was repealed the following year, and a little later a "Bill of Indemnity" was passed for the benefit of those who had incurred its penalties.

(*Scene Fifth.*)

As indicative of the spirit of the times in which Washington lived, the following extract from Web-

ster's "Supposed Speech of John Adams on the Declaration of Independence" may be an illustration:

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at Independence. But there's a Divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till Independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? . . . If we postpone Independence, do we mean to carry on or give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. . . . The war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. . . . Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Read this Declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who first heard the roar of America's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord: and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it. All that I have and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now here ready to

stake upon it ; and I leave off as I began—that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence *now* ; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.”

(*Scene Sixth.*)

“Independence Bell,” *Elocutionists’ Annual*, No. 1, p. 57, may also be given, or the following quotation from Thomas Buchanan Read :

“Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake.
And rising on the theme’s broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.”

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS.

This took place March 15, 1783. In the midst of his reading—for he addressed his officers by aid of a manuscript—Washington made a short pause, took out his spectacles, and begged the indulgence of the audience while he adjusted them, at the same time observing :

“Gentlemen, I have grown gray in your service, and now find that I am growing blind.”

An eye-witness speaks of the act as being “so natural, so unaffected, as to render it superior to the most studied oratory! It found its way to every heart, and you could see sensibility moisten every eye!”

(*Scene Seventh.*)

SCENE AT TRENTON.

After his election, Washington’s progress towards New York City was one continued ovation. At Trenton, a procession of young girls, clad in white,

met him, presenting him with bouquets and baskets of flowers, also strewing them in his path. Of this event Eliza Cook beautifully sings (contrasting our "conquering hero" with those of other lands):

"No car of triumph bore him through a city filled
with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him
victor-chief.
He broke the gyves of slavery with a strong and high
disdain,
But cast no scepter from the links when he had rent
the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trap-
pings down
To change them for a regal vest and don a kingly
crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such
a son,
To let a robe and title mask her Washington."

(Scene Eighth.)

Extract from poem by Whittier, read at New York's Centennial in 1889, at the dedication of the Washington Arch.

WASHINGTON'S VOW.

* * * * *

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred.
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

* * * * *

Thank God! the people's choice was just!
The one man equal to his trust.

Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude.

* * * * *

Our First and Best—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, oh! true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave

* * * * *

Then let the sovereign millions where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge, a century old!

(Scenes Ninth and Tenth.)

CELEBRATING WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

Arranged by V. S. WALSH.

[Erect two pillars on the stage or platform a few feet apart, and span them with an arch. Decorate both the pillars and the arch with evergreens. Provide nails or hooks on the arch on which the letters of the word WASHINGTON may be hung. In the centre of the arch place a large picture of Washington and below it hang a shield, which may be made of pasteboard with colored paper pasted on to represent the stripes, field, and stars. The pupils march in and separate, five standing by one pillar and five by the other, with the leader in the centre.]

Leader.—We wish to-day to do a small part in honoring the memory of the Father of our Country. Our countrymen have so honored his name that cities, towns, counties, societies, and streets bear it, and one of the youngest of the sisterhood of States is named after that great and good man. Tell me what some of the orators and others have said about him.

First pupil recites and then hangs the letter W on the first hook to the left.

“WASHINGTON in the flesh is taken from us,
but his memory remains, and let us cling
to that memory. Let us make a national festival
and holiday of his birthday, and ever as it returns
let us remember that while we celebrate the great

anniversary our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Northern lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love."

Second pupil recites and hangs his letter up.

ALL should strive to emulate his noble qualities. His first utterances upon assuming command of the American army before Boston, on the 2d of July, 1775, were a rebuke of religious bigotry and an impressive protest against gaming, swearing, and all immoral practices which might forfeit divine aid in the great struggle for national independence.

Third pupil ditto.

SUCCESSFUL orders, preparatory to the battle of Long Island in August, 1776, breathe the same spirit—that which transfused all his spirit as with celestial fire.

Fourth pupil ditto.

"HIS courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from his pure and steady temper of soul."

Fifth pupil ditto.

"IF there be one quality more than another in his character which may exercise a useful control over the men of the present hour, it is the total disregard of self when in the most elevated positions for influence and example."

Sixth pupil ditto.

"NO matter what may have been the immediate birthplace of such a man as Washington! No clime can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, his residence creation."

Seventh pupil ditto.

“GREAT men of his and other times have been appreciated — many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. When the storm of battle lowers darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall move every American arm and cheer every American heart.”

Eighth pupil ditto.

“THINK not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, are its appointed, its privileged guardians.”

Ninth pupil ditto.

“OH, what associations are linked in adamant with that name! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause!”

Tenth pupil ditto.

“NO car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief ;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor-chief.
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
But cast no sceptre from the links when he had rent the chain.”

SINGING—“*Hail, Columbia, Happy Land!*”

Leader.—What can you say about the origin of the American flag?

[What follows may be spoken by the same pupils as above ; or, if the teacher wishes to give more a chance to take part, may be assigned to other pupils.]

1st Pupil.—It is a little singular that an emblem of nobility should suggest the idea for our star-

spangled banner. When the Americans, in their most righteous revolt against the tyranny of the mother country, cast about for an ensign with which to distinguish themselves from their English oppressors, what did they ultimately adopt? Why, nothing more than a gentleman's badge—a modification of the old English coat of arms borne by their leader and deliverer.

(Hands a flag to the leader.)

2d Pupil.—A few stars had in the old chivalrous times distinguished Washington's ancestors in the tournament and upon the battle-field; more stars and additional stripes, denoting the number of States that joined in the struggle, now became the standard around which the patriots of the West so successfully rallied. It is not a little curious that the poor, worn-out rag of feudalism, as so many would count it, should have expanded into the bright and ample banner that now waves from every sea.

(Hands the leader another flag, who affixes the two [crossed] above the picture of Washington.)

SINGING—" *Star-Spangled Banner.*"

3d Pupil.—

"Our flag is there, our flag is there,
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas.
Our flag is there, our flag is there,
Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars.
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it masthead high;
And, oh, to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy to every eye!"

4th Pupil.—

Are ye all there? Are ye all there,
Stars in my country's sky?
Are ye *all* there? *Are ye all there,*
In your shining homes on high?
"Count us! count us! was their answer,
As they dazzled on my view,

In glorious perihelion,
Amid their field of blue.

I cannot count ye rightly,
There's a cloud with sable rim ;
I cannot make your number out,
For my eyes with tears are dim.
O bright and blessed angel,
On white wing floating by,
Help me to count, and not to miss
One star in my country's sky !

Then the angel touched mine eyelids,
And touched the forming cloud ;
And its sable rim departed,
And it fled with murky shroud.
There was no missing Pleiad
'Mid all that sister race ;
The Southern Cross gleamed radiant forth,
And the Pole-Star kept its place.

Then I knew it was the angel
Who woke the hymning strain
That at our Redeemer's birth
Pealed out o'er Bethlehem's plain ;
And still its heavenly key-tone
My listening country held,
For all her constellated stars
The diapason swelled.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SINGING—" *Red, White, and Blue.*"

Leader.—What have our own writers said about
Washington and his birthday?

5th Pupil.—

Welcome to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of Faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow !
See the hero whom it gave us
Slumbering on a mother's breast ;
For the arm he stretched to save us
Be its morn forever blest !

* * * * *

Vain is empire's mad temptation !
 Not for him an earthly crown !
 He whose sword has freed a nation
 Strikes the offered sceptre down.
 See the throneless conqueror seated,
 Ruler by a people's choice ;
 See the patriot's task completed ;
 Here the Father's dying voice :
 " By the name that you inherit,
 By the sufferings you recall,
 Cherish the fraternal spirit ;
 Love your country first of all !
 Listen not to idle questions
 If its bands may be untied ;
 Doubt the patriot whose suggestions
 Strive a nation to divide ! "
 Father ! we, whose ears have tingled
 With the discord notes of shame ;
 We, whose sires their blood have mingled
 In the battle's thunder-flame,—
 Gathering, while this holy morning
 Lights the land from sea to sea,
 Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning :
 Trust us while we honor thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

6th Pupil.—

Welcome, thou festal morn !
 Never be passed in scorn
 Thy rising sun,
 Thou day forever bright
 With Freedom's holy light,
 That gave the world the sight
 Of Washington.

* * * * *

Then with each coming year,
 Whenever shall appear
 That natal sun,
 Will we attest the worth
 Of one true man to earth,
 And celebrate the birth
 Of Washington.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

7th Pupil.—

Virginia gave us this imperial man,
 Cast in the massive mould
 Of those high-statured ages old
 Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran ;
 She gave us this unblemished gentleman.
 What shall we give her back but love and praise,
 As in the dear old unestrangèd days
 Before the inevitable wrong began ?
 Mother of States and undiminished men,
 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
 And we owe alway what we owed thee then ;
 The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again
 Shines as before with no abatement dim.

LOWELL.

8th Pupil.—

Washington, the warrior and legislator ! In war
 contending, by the wager of battle, for the inde-
 pendence of his country and for the freedom of the
 human race ; ever manifesting amidst its horrors,
 by precept and example, his reverence for the laws
 of peace and the tenderest sympathies of humanity :
 in peace soothing the ferocious spirit of discord
 among his countrymen into harmony and union ;
 and giving to that very sword, now presented to his
 country, a charm more potent than that attributed,
 in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

9th Pupil.—

O Washington, dearest and best of our race,
 Thy deeds through the night-cloud of ages shall
 lighten !
 Thy name on his banner the soldier shall trace,
 To hallow his death or his triumphs to brighten.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Leader.—What have English writers said of him ?

10th Pupil.—

He fought, but not with love of strife ; he struck, but
 to defend ;

And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a
friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's
gentle word,
And sighed when fell Injustice threw the challenge—
sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and
sage ;
He showed no deep avenging hate, no burst of des-
pot rage ;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led
on
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Wash-
ington. ELIZA COOK.

11th Pupil.—

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state ?
Yes,—one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make men blush there was but one.

LORD BYRON.

Leader.—Washington is buried at Mount Vernon,
to which many of his countrymen and others from
all parts of the world make pilgrimages. What has
a celebrated poet written about the last resting-
place of heroes ?

12th Pupil.—

“ What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !—
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.”

SINGING—“ *America.*”

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

[A boy or girl in the grammar grade could recite these verses to open a program in honor of Washington.]

Pale is the February sky,
 And brief the midday's sunny hours;
 The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
 For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
 Not even when the Summer broods
 O'er meadows in their fresh array,
 Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
 Brings, in its annual round, the morn
 When, greatest of the sons of men,
 Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
 Calmly the mighty Hudson flows !
 By snow-clad fell and frozen field
 Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
 And rends the oak with sudden force,
 Can raise no ripple on his face,
 Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live
 Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame ;
 And years succeeding years shall give
 Increase of honors to his name. —BRYANT.

I WOULD TELL.

(Recitation for Five Boys.)

1st Boy.—

I would tell of Washington
 When he was a boy like me.
 He learned his lessons well at school,
 And always tried to keep the rule,
 And if at work, or if at play,
 He did his very best each day :

Was gentle, honest, brave, and true,
And loved by all his comrades, too,
When he was a boy like me.

2d Boy.—

I would tell of Washington
When he was twenty-one—
How he journeyed through the wilderness,
Ofttimes in peril and distress,
Yet never did his stout heart quail,
For he knew no such word as fail ;
His dauntless courage, even then,
Showed him a leader among men,
When he was twenty-one.

3d Boy.—

I would tell of Washington
In camp at Valley Forge.
When everything seem dark and drear,
And hope had given place to fear,
He stood alone unmoved and calm ;
His very presence was like balm
To soothe the suffering, rouse the faint ;
He cheered each heart, stilled each complaint,
In camp at Valley Forge.

4th Boy.—

I would tell of Washington
After the war was o'er.
By one accord made President,
As toward the capital he went,
The streets were decked with banners gay,
And flowers were scattered in his way ;
Gathered about his path, the throng
Proclaimed him chief with shout and song,
After the war was o'er.

5th Boy.—

I would tell of Washington
When came life's peaceful close.
Where broad Potomac's waters flowed,
There he took up his last abode ;
Respected, honored, loved, revered,
By countless friends his days were cheered,

And when, at length, drew near the end,
The nation wept to lose a friend
So came life's peaceful close.

FLAG OF THE RAINBOW.

[This recitation may be made very effective if given with spirit. If spoken by a girl she should dress in white, with a sash of the national colors draped over her shoulder and hanging by her side. A flag should be held in her hand. "The Star-Spangled Banner" should be played very softly throughout the recitation.]

Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars,
Emblem of light and shield of the lowly,
Never to droop while our soldiers and tars
Rally to guard it from outrage unholy.

Never may shame or misfortune attend it,
Enmity sully, or treachery rend it,
While but a man is alive to defend it :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes salute and caress it ;
Planted on earth, or afloat in the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women bless it.

Fling out its folds o'er a country united,
Warmed by the fires that our forefathers lighted,
Refuge where down-trodden man is invited :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag that our sires gave in trust to their sons,
Symbol and sign of a liberty glorious ;
While the grass grows and the clear water runs,
Ever invincible, ever victorious.

Long may it 'waken our pride and devotion,
Rippling its colors in musical motion,
First on the land, and supreme on the ocean :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars,

THE SCHOOLHOUSE STANDS BY THE FLAG.

[The boy who is chosen to deliver this recitation should speak enthusiastically the lines relating to the school. In the second verse at the first line the speaker raises his hand upwards; at the second line he points to the ground. A large flag should be draped or hung in the background.]

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name;
To her years of prosperity, past and in store—
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag—
Let the nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us Equality's home,
But the school-room to-day is Humanity's friend—
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.
'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag—
Let the nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

[A recitation for the schoolboy who sees the "funny side" of things.]

When Washington was President,
As cold as any icicle,
He never on a railroad went;
And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
Nor heard about the Yellowstone,
He never licked a postage stamp,
And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at the knees,
By wire he could not send despatch;
He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass,
 All work is with such dashing done—
 We've all those things; but then, alas !—
 We seem to have no Washington.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

MY LAND.

(This recitation may be given by a girl or boy.)

She is a rich and rare land ;
 Oh, she's a fresh and fair land ;
 She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver ;
 Her women's hearts ne'er waver ;
 I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull nor cold land—
 No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
 Oh, she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe would cross her border,
 No friend within her pine !

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land ;
 Oh, she's a true and rare land ;
 Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

A BOY'S PROTEST.

BY RUTH DAVENPORT.

(A recitation for a small boy holding a pasteboard hatchet.)

Oh dear, what a racket
 All about that hatchet !
 I wish they would stop all their noise !
 Some folks who write papers
 Would rub out all capers,
 And prosy stuff give to us boys.

It takes all the courage
From boys that are my age
To be told such stories are fibs,
When we have been trying
To keep from all lying
Ever since we were out of bibs.

They would have us receive
All that *they* can believe
As all that is honest and true,
But I know boys to-day
Who do not run away
When mischief they've happened to do.

And I'm still believing
The story's old reading
As the one on which to rely.
And spite of the clamor
My hero I'll honor
As the boy who *could not tell a lie*.

OUR FLAG.

(Recitation for a boy. He holds a flag in his hands.)

Oh, flag of a resolute nation,
Oh, flag of the strong and free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions,
We hallow thy colors three!
Three proud, floating emblems of glory,
Our guide for the coming time;
The red, white, and blue, in their beauty—
Love gives them a meaning sublime.

Thy red is the deep crimson life-stream
Which flowed on the battle-plain,
Redeeming our land from oppression,
And leaving no servile stain.
Thy white is a proud people's honor,
Kept spotless and clear as light;
A pledge of unfaltering justice,
A symbol of truth and right.

Thy blue is our nation's endurance,
 And points to the blue above ;
 The limitless, measureless azure,
 A type of our Father's love.
 Thy stars are God's witness of blessing,
 And smile at the foeman's frown ;
 They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
 Bright gems in the great world's crown.
 MONTGOMERY.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

(Recitation for a high-school pupil.)

Land of the West ! though passing brief the record
 of thine age,
 Thou hast a name that darkens all the world's wide
 page !
 Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be
 loudest far ;
 Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the
 planet star.
 Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall
 ne'er depart ;
 'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the
 coldest heart ;
 A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be
 won,
 Land of the West !—it stands alone—it is thy Wash-
 ington !

He fought, but not with love of strife ; he struck, but
 to defend ;
 And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a
 friend.
 He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's
 gentle word,
 And sighed when fell Injustice threw the challenge—
 sword to sword.
 He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and
 sage ;
 He showed no deep avenging hate, no burst of
 despot rage ;

He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led
 on
 Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Wash-
 ington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled
 with grief.

No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him
 victor-chief ;

He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high
 disdain,

But cast no sceptre from the links when he had
 crushed the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trap-
 pings down

To change them for the regal vest and don a kingly
 crown ;

Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such
 a son

To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.
 ELIZA COOK.

AMERICA.

(Recitation for a high-school pupil.)

O mother of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace !
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years ;
 With words of shame
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints thy morning hills with red ;
 Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
 Within thy woods are not more fleet ;
 Thy hopeful eye

Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
 They do not know how loved thou art,
 How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades ;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen ;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West ;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's downtrodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hurt head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother ! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower ;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WELCOME, THOU FESTAL MORN !

(These words can be sung to the well-known tune, " America.")

Welcome, thou festal morn !
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun ;
Thou day forever bright
With Freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form,—
That peerless one,—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel, stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none ;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man, and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done ;
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won.
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now,
She wreathes the smiling brow
Of Washington,

Then with each coming year,
 Whenever shall appear
 That natal sun,
 Will we attest the worth
 Of one true man to earth,
 And celebrate the birth
 Of Washington.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

HYMN FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

By CHARLES S. DAVIS.

(To the tune, "America.")

All hail, thou glorious morn
 That Washington was born !
 All hail to thee !

Whether thy skies be bright,
 Or veiled in clouds of night,
 To thee in joyous right
 Our song shall be.

All come with glad acclaim,
 To sing and praise thy name,
 O Washington !
 O'er all this land so free,
 Hearts turn with pride to thee,
 Champion of liberty,
 Columbia's son.

When Britain's tyrant hand
 Smote freedom's native land
 With mad decree,
 Thy gleaming blade, raised high,
 'Mid war-clouds rolling by,
 Wrote on thy country's sky,
 "Great land, be free !"

Let Freedom each year bring
 Chaplets as fresh as spring
 To deck her son !

While Freedom's angels stand
Guard o'er that flag and land,
Saved by the mighty hand
Of Washington.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

(May be sung to the March from "Lohengrin.")

Flag of the free ! fairest to see !
Borne through the strife and the thunder of war,
Banner so bright with starry light,
Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.
Emblem of Freedom, hope to the slave,
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save ;
While through the sky loud rings the cry,
Union and Liberty !—one evermore !
Flag of the brave, long may it wave,
Chosen of God, while His might we adore ;
In Liberty's van for manhood of man,
Symbol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.
Pride of our country, honored afar,
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star
While through the sky loud rings the cry,
Union and Liberty !—one evermore !

OUR PRESIDENTS

(To the tune of "Yankee Doodle.")

George Washington is number one,
With whom begin the story ;
John Adams then doth follow on
To share him in the glory.
Thomas Jefferson comes next,
A good old man was he.
James Madison is number four,
Twice President to be.

Chorus.

Our Presidents, hurrah ! hurrah !
We'll give them three times three,
And may their mem'ries ever live
In our hearts so brave and free.

Dear James Monroe was next in line,
Twice, also, did he rule us.
John Quincy Adams served us next,
And not once did he fool us.
Then Andrew Jackson came along,
So famous as a soldier.
Martin Van Buren took his place .
To act as office-holder.

And William Henry Harrison
Came next in the procession.
He died, and then John Tyler came
Of the chair to take possession.
James K. Polk is on the roll,
He was an upright man.
Zachary Taylor followed him,
A dozen, now, we scan.

Millard Fillmore then was called
To rule o'er all our nation ;
And after him one Franklin Pierce
Was called to fill the station.
James Buchanan was the next
Our President to be ;
Then came Abe Lincoln brave and true,
A mighty man was he.

Andrew Johnson's name is next
In the song which we are singing ;
Then comes the name of U. S. Grant,
Let's set the rafters ringing !
And now we've got to R. B. Hayes,
The nineteenth name of all ;
And James A. Garfield is the next
To answer to the call.

Chester Allan Arthur then
Comes forth to take his place ;
And Grover Cleveland follows him,
The next one in the race.
Harrison, in eighty-eight,
Was called to fill the chair.
And Cleveland then again was called
To rule our country fair.

FLAG-DRILL No. 1.



By LILLIAN E. SNOW.

MARCH.—Eight children on each side of stage enter from the back side entrance; lines pass, coming to front, pass in front, meet in the centre of back of stage, and march forward in couples, first boy in each line marching together, number twos together, and so on. During this part of march, flags are held in right hand and leaning against right shoulder. Lines separate at front and meet again at back; with flags crossed march again to front, separate, meet again at back. When first couple meet, each grasps the other's right wrist with left hand, face front, arms crossed so that flags are perpendicular in front of partner's right shoulder. Each succeeding couple does the same, with no loss of time. First couple march to middle, and then two steps to left. Second couple to middle, two steps to right. Third couple to left of first. Fourth couple to right of second, making a line of eight. Fifth couple march around first line to left, and stand in front of first couple. Sixth couple march around to right, and stand in front of second, seventh in front of third, and eighth in front of fourth, all moving at same time till places are reached in line. At a given signal or certain count, arms are uncrossed, and each holds flag against right shoulder.

After eight counts the teacher outside or leader on stage give the following commands. Each command requires eight counts,

every eighth count being *first position*, viz., flag in front of right shoulder, *facing front*. It will be well to give the command either on every seventh or every eighth count, so that pupils will be ready to assume the new position. The figures after each direction indicate the counts.

1. SALUTE.—Right hand forward (1), back (2), out at side (3), back (4). Position, 5, 6, 7, 8.

2. SHOULDER.—Right hand placed on left shoulder, flags perpendicular, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position, 8.

3. DROOP.—Step obliquely forward with right foot, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, at same time holding flag-staff horizontally out in front of body, with flag waving downward. Position, 8.

4. RETREAT.—Back eight steps.

5. BREAK RANKS.—Each pupil face partner (1), cross flags, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position, 8.

6. FORWARD.—Eight steps forward waving on every count left 1, right 2; l. 3, r. 4; l. 5, r. 6; l. 7. Position 8.

7. FRIENDSHIP.—Cross flags, facing front.

8. UNFURL.—Step obliquely forward and place right hand on left shoulder on count 1. Wave flag to right on count 2, and hold it up counts 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position, 8.

9. WAVE.—Left 1, right 2, left 3, etc. Position, 8.

10. LINE.—First line move back against second line, stand—eight counts.

11. STACK.—First, third, fifth, and seventh couples composing left end. Second, fourth, sixth, and eighth couples forming right-hand end. Left end and right end each form small circle, right hands extended toward middle, bringing all flags in a bunch; hold as high as shortest boy can reach. Take eight counts to get this position.

12. WHEEL.—Still with stacked flags each circle moves forward in circle eight counts.

13. BACK.—Wheel back eight counts.

14. LINE.—Move gradually into same position as

No. 10. Position of flags on 8. (Caution.—Do not take *position* of flags in numbers 11, 12, 13.)

15. POSITION.—First line march forward eight abreast to same place occupied at opening of the drill.

16. MARCH.—First couple move first left hand No. 1 to left; right hand No. 1 to right; second couple next, third next, etc., forming in two lines, facing each other, one line at left side of stage, other line at right side of stage. Take as many eights as necessary. Two will probably be enough.

17. FORWARD.—Four steps forward, waving flags at same time, stand, 5, 6, 7, 8.

18. MARCH—to position in the two lines as they were at opening of drill. (This may take more than one set of eight counts.)

19. GROUND.—Right hand forward, 1, 2, lay on floor, but holding staff in hand, 3, 4, rise with hand forward, 5, 6. Position, 7, 8.

20. TRIUMPH.—Step obliquely forward on count *one*, also waving to left and right on 1, 2. Hold flag in that position, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position, 8.

21. DEFIANCE.—Partners face, 1, step obliquely forward with right foot, and at same time place right hand with flag on left shoulder, 2. Wave out to right, 3, hold it, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position, 8.

22. FRIENDSHIP.—Repeat number 7.

23. PEACE.—Let flag droop behind shoulder, right hand against shoulder, staff pointing horizontally backward. Position, 8.

24. WAVE.—Repeat number 9.

25. SURRENDER.—Hold flag in position four counts. On count *five*, open the hand, letting flag fall. (Do not take position on count 8.)

26. RECOVER.—Take two counts to stoop, take hold of and lift flag, hold on 3, 4. Position, 5, 6, 7, 8.

27. SHOULDER.—Repeat number 2.

28. WAVE.—Repeat number 9.

29. REST.—Place top of flag on floor holding still in right hand. Position, 8.

30. DISPLAY.—Bend the hand, so as to let the staff lie horizontally across body from right shoulder to left, flag drooping down. Position, 8.

31. WAVE.—Repeat number 9.

32. FRIENDSHIP.—Repeat number 7.

33. SALUTE.—Repeat number 1.

34. MARCH.—Repeat number 16.

35. FORWARD.—Flags pointing slightly forward, take four steps which will bring the lines nearly together with flags meeting at the top, forming a bower. Hold this position, 5, 6, 7. Position, 8.

Now the performers are in line in centre of stage, facing front, flags against shoulders, with the number eights as leaders instead of number ones who lead in.

Left line march to left, forming a circle with his line; at same time, right line march to right, forming a circle with his line. This will take two eights to get space between boys tolerably even. At given signal or count they stop, form a complete circle by each left hand taking the other's right. Stand through the eight counts, and then raising hands as high as possible, circle eight steps forward and eight steps back and stop. Break into circles of four, stand through eight counts, then circle eight steps forward and eight steps back, with flags high. Then stop, form the two large circles again, circle forward and back, then number eights break and march to front of stage, sevens next, then sixes, and so on, making a double line in centre of stage. (It may take two sets of counts to get all in position.) Then march off to left in double line, waving flags to left and right as they pass off.

NOTE.—This can be made longer if desirable by repeating numbers. The effect of the drill is very pretty when the pupils are thoroughly acquainted with it. Lines must not be formed too far to the front, so that when flags are *Surrendered* (No. 25) there will be plenty of room on stage. The flags should be two-foot flags.

FLAG-DRILL No. 2.

DIRECTIONS.—Twelve pupils at least are necessary for the following drill; twenty-four or thirty-six would add to its effectiveness. Skirts and waists of all should be white, bodice and sash of one third of class red, one third white and one third blue; all wear slippers and stockings to match color of dress. Size of flags, 8 by 12. Flag-staffs should be long and slender. Position of flag in marching, in front of right shoulder. Music, a lively march.

Fig. 1. Enter half the class from one side and half from the other, the leader on each side wearing red, the second ones white, the third blue, and so on. Those from opposite sides meet at centre of back part of stage, march forward in couples to front part, separate, and return to back of stage. Repeat. (Caution: turn square corners.)

Fig. 2. Partners meet at back of stage (one line changes flags from right to left side); partners cross flags; march to front; separate; return to back. Repeat. In repeating, march only to corners at the back of stage, instead of middle back.

Fig. 3. March from corners to centre of stage, turn and march to front corners. Repeat.

Fig. 4. Return to back part of stage, march forward in four lines, moving in wavy lines. Repeat.

Fig. 5. Each line form in trios, red, white, and blue, cross flags, turn twice in a circle. Reverse, holding flags in left hands.

Fig. 6. Four lines advance, form a single line; line No. 1 at the left leading, marches until the front left-hand corner is reached; line No. 2 halts at front right-hand corner; line No. 3 back right-hand corner; line No. 4 back left-hand corner. All march toward centre, the four lines forming the diagonals of a

square ; keep perfectly straight lines ; march around the centre, preserving this order. Reverse, face, and march in opposite directions.

Fig. 7. Lines 1 and 2, and 3 and 4, exchange places, passing each other in centre of stage. Line No. 1 marches across front of stage to left-hand corner, where line No. 2 falls into line ; at back left-hand corner, line No. 3 falls into line ; at back right-hand corner, line No. 4. March in single file around the stage, form in four lines, partners facing each other.

Fig. 8. Partners march toward each other, meet, touch tops of flags, forming an arch, turn as if to pass under arch formed, return to places. Repeat.

Fig. 9. Lines march, cross over. Nos. 1 and 4 meet in centre of stage, touch tops of flags, return to places. Lines 2 and 3 meet in same manner. Lines cross again, 1 and 4 meet, then 2 and 3 ; the last time 2 and 3 remain in their places.

Fig. 10. Raise flags. Lines 1 and 2, and 3 and 4, march in circles towards the right. Reverse.

Fig. 11. The following is a figure from the Virginia Reel. Have lines, and pupils in each line, as far apart as possible. Leaders in each set meet, cross flags, swing, or rather march, once and a half around ; each leader then crosses flags with the second one on opposite side, swings, then crosses flags with partner, swings, and so on until the leaders have crossed flags with every one in the line. To make it still more effective, after the leaders have reached the third ones in the lines, let the second ones, standing now at the head, march in the same way. Then the third ones follow, and so on, until all the flags are in motion.

Fig. 12. Leading couples march outside of lines, others follow, return to places, all arch flags.

Fig. 13. Leaders in both sets march through under arch, meet at back part of stage, advance four abreast ; others follow in same order. Thus four red ones will march to the front, then four white, then four blue. This entire set (12) pass to the right ; the

next set pass to the left. The two meet at back, and march forward eight abreast; halt, and separate so that the three colors may be seen. Song: "Nobly our Flag."

Music changes to a succession of chords. The striking of a new chord is the signal for a change of attitude.

Chord 1. All hold flags in front of right shoulder.

Chord 2. Change to left.

Chord 3. Change back to right.

Chord 4. Hold flags as if taking aim.

Chord 5. Fire—a quick movement forward of flags.

Chord 6. Flags in first position.

Chord 7. Charge—a sudden rush forward, body bent, flags held like bayonets.

Chords 8, 9, 10. Retreat. Take three steps back slowly, flags held in same position as in No. 7.

Chord 11. Repeat 7.

Chords 12, 13, 14. Repeat 8, 9, 10.

Chord 15. Surrender. Lay down flags.

Chord 16. Recover. Pick up flags quickly.

Chord 17. Victory. Wave joyously.

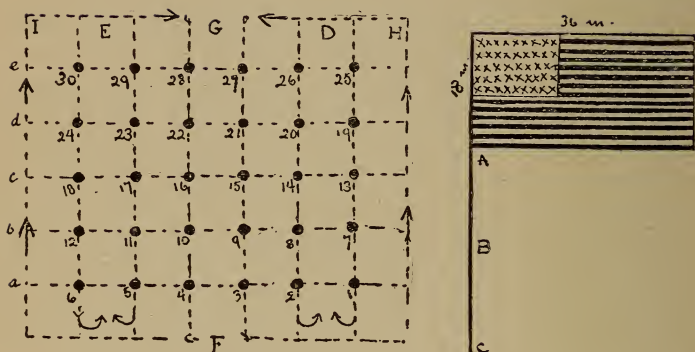
Chord 18. Hold in front of right shoulder.

MARCHING SONG: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

All march, to the song, in single file, arranged in the order red, white, blue. Leader march to centre of stage, halt, two others stop behind her; then three behind these two, then four, and so on until the entire class is arranged in the form of a triangle. All sing "Star-spangled Banner." As the chorus is sung all wave flags.—*Selected.*

FLAG-DRILL, No. 3.

By ELOISE HEMPHILL.



Any number exactly divisible by six, may take part in this drill. Arrange according to size, the smallest in front; each child is to carry a flag 18 X 36 inches, the staff 18 inches *longer* than length of right arm measured from index finger to shoulder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards average length. Position of flag in marching, staff at C held in right hand, resting on right hip, diagonally crossing the breast to left shoulder where it is held at A by left hand.

Enter class from right side at H, march across to I, down to *a*, first six turn to left, stop at respective places, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; next six turn at *b*, stopping at 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, the remaining sixes turning to left at *c*, *d*, and *e*.

All mark time with left foot, until musician strikes a chord, then all must stand perfectly still, facing left. Chord 2 is for all to face the front, heels together, toes out. Chord 3, right arm straight down at side, left hand at right shoulder, still clasping staff at A. Chord 4, left arm down at side. Musician

should at once begin with some good march, on first note of which the class should commence drilling.

1st Position.—Extend right arm forward (flag held vertically), grasp flagstaff at B, with left hand on first note; hold flag in the position through 4; on 5, 6, right hand at A, left slipping down to C, bring flag to left side, right hand at left shoulder, in this position on 6; on 7, 8, drop right hand at side.

2d Position.—Extend *left* arm forward, flag held vertically, *right* hand at B, etc., as in first movement; on 5, 6, flag in front of right shoulder, right hand at C, left at A; on 7, 8, left hand at side.

3d Position.—Staff held in right hand at C on left hip; left hand at B; staff slanting upward to left side; head drooping a little to the left; eyes down; remain in the position 8 counts.

4th Position.—Right hand at C, staff perpendicular on right shoulder; left hand at B; arm curved gracefully over head, which is now erect, eyes forward; 8 counts.

5th Position.—Right hand at C; left at B; staff on left shoulder slanting upward to the left; eyes looking up at flag; 8 counts.

6th Position.—Same as third, except staff slants upward to the right from right hip; 8 counts.

7th Position.—Kneel on right knee, left hand at A, right at C, both arms in a vertical position above head; flag hanging down; eyes down; 8 counts.

8th Position.—Rise; hold flags in same position as when kneeling; eyes forward; 8 counts.

9th Position.—Right foot diagonally forward with some emphasis; left hand on hip; right arm straight upward to the right, flag held vertically; body bent slightly forward; eyes looking up at flag; 8 counts.

10th Position.—1 and 2, 3 and 4, 5 and 6 lines, with left hands still on hips, right arms holding flags aloft, face each other and cross flags at A; forming 3 arches; stand thus through 8 counts. Remember

all *positions* must be taken on 1, and remain through 8 counts.

MARCH.

The centre arch which is led by 3 and 4 stand still. 1 and 2, 5 and 6, lead their respective lines under their own arches to the rear of room, as indicated by arrows; 7 and 8 falling in behind 1 and 2; 11 and 12 behind 5 and 6, etc. Upon reaching D and E, 1 leads to the right followed by 2, 7, 8, etc.; 5 leads to the left followed by 6, 11, 12, etc. At F, 1 and 5 lead their respective lines under the centre arch, separating at G, 1 and 2, now marching to the right, side by side; 5 and 6 to the left, side by side, cross flags and march down to their places, forming again the 3 arches. As soon as 1 and 2, 5 and 6 lines have reached their places, 3 and 4 lead their lines under their own arch to the rear of the stage, separate at G; 3 leading her line down the right-hand arch, 4 leading down the left-hand arch; 3 and 4 meet at F, and stop at their respective places; as each couple reaches its place, they cross flags for their followers to pass under, forming again 3 arches.

At a given signal all lower their flags, carrying in front of right shoulder, and turn to left. 1 leads her line 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, round behind 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, who fall in behind 1st line, and march round behind 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, who join 1st and 2d, and march round behind the next line, etc., until the rear of stage is reached, then march off.

FIFTY PATRIOTIC QUOTATIONS.

Our country, however bounded or described—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.—*R. C. Winthrop.*

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.—*Daniel Webster.*

A star for every State, and a State for every star.
—*R. C. Winthrop.*

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Lincoln.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote.—*Daniel Webster.*

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there !
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

—*J. R. Drake.*

Speed our Republic, O Father on high !
Lead us in pathways of justice and right ;
Rulers as well as the ruled, " One and all,"
Girdle with virtue, the armor of might.
Hail ! three times hail, to our country and flag !
Rulers as well as the ruled, " One and all,"
Girdle with virtue, the armor of might,
Hail ! three times hail, to our country and flag !
—*Sylvanus Dryden Phelps.*

While patriotism is the leading principle, and our laws are contrived with wisdom and executed with vigor; while industry, frugality, and temperance are held in estimation, and we depend upon public spirit and the love of virtue for our social happiness, peace and affluence will throw their smiles upon the brow of individuals, our commonwealth will flourish, our land will become a land of liberty, and America an asylum for the oppressed.—*Jonathan Mason.*

With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "Liberty or Death!"

—*George Bancroft.*

When we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence.—*Joseph Story.*

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

The men to make a State must be brave men. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm.—*George Washington Doane.*

Oppressed and persecuted in their native country, the high, indignant spirit of our fathers formed the bold design of leaving a land where minds as well as bodies were chained, for regions where Freedom might be found to dwell.—*William Merchant Richardson.*

So, then, our last words shall be for the Union. The Union will guard the fame of its defenders, will keep alive for mankind the beacon-lights of popular liberty and power; and its mighty heart will throb with delight at every true advance in any part of the world towards republican happiness and freedom.—*George Bancroft.*

Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon, not as a bond. And there is nothing in the present crisis of human affairs, there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up, to be advanced, to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom.—*Orville Dewey.*

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,—
The queen of the world and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East, ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.
—*Timothy Dwight.*

It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States than it ever has had in any other age or country. By the representative principle, a principle unknown and impracticable among the ancients, the whole mass of society is brought to operate in constraining the action of power and in the conservation of liberty.—*George McDuffie.*

To thee, O country great and free !
 With trusting hearts we cling ;
 Our voices tuned by joyous love,
 Thy power and praises sing.
 Upon thy mighty, faithful heart
 We lay our burdens down ;
 Thou art the only friend who feels
 The weight without a frown.

—*Anna Philipine Eichberg.*

The name American itself is sufficient to inspire within the bosom of every one, who so proudly claims it, a holy zeal to preserve forever the endearing epithet. This Union must and will be preserved ! Division is impossible. The Divine Architect of nature Himself has said in His lofty mountains and majestic rivers, "Be United !" —*Alexander Hogg.*

Hasten the day, just Heaven,
 Accomplish Thy design,
 And let the blessings Thou hast freely given
 Freely on all men shine,
 Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
 And human power for human good employed ;
 Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
 And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Patriotism, whether we reflect upon the benevolence which gives it birth, the magnitude of its object, the happy effect which it produces, or the height to which it exalts human character, by the glorious action of which it is the cause, must be considered as the noblest of all the social virtues.—*Increase Cook.*

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons imparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around !

Oh ! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

—*James Montgomery.*

One of the most prominent features which distinguished our forefathers was their determined resistance to oppression. They seemed born and brought up for the high and special purpose of showing to the world that the civil and religious rights of man, the rights of self-government, of conscience and independent thought, are not things merely to be talked of, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardor of the mind.—*Francis William Pitt Greenwood.*

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence ; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent ; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent.—*Grimke.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
Their Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

—*William Collins.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
“ This is my own, my native land ! ”
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering in a foreign strand ?

If such there be, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung !

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

In all the attributes of a great, happy, and flourishing people we stand without a parallel in the world. Abroad, we enjoy the respect and, with scarcely an exception, the friendship of every nation ; at home, while our government quietly, but efficiently, performs the sole legitimate end of political institutions, in doing the greatest good to the greatest number, we present an aggregate of human prosperity surely not elsewhere to be found.—*Martin Van Buren.*

Americans ! let us pause for a moment to consider the situation of our country at that eventful day when our national existence commenced. In the full possession and enjoyment of all those prerogatives for which you then dared to adventure upon “all the varieties of untried being,” the calm and settled moderation of the mind is scarcely competent to conceive the tone of heroism to which the souls of freemen were exalted in that hour of perilous magnanimity.—*John Quincy Adams.*

How they shouted ! What rejoicing
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calmly gliding Delaware !
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix.
 Our glorious liberty arose.

The principles of revolution were not the suddenly acquired property of a few bosoms : they were abroad in the land in the ages before. They had always

been taught, like the truths of the Bible ; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days when the pilgrim, established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's opposition and the bishop's rage.—*Francis William Pitt Greenwood.*

Be just and fear not ; let all the ends thou aimest
at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.

—*Shakespeare.*

The patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first best country ever is at home.

—*Goldsmith.*

Our father's God ! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

—*Whittier.*

He was the bravest citizen of Rome that did most
love and serve his country ; and he the saint among
the Jews who most loved Zion.—*Baxter.*

Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
God and your native land.—*Halleck.*

Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sad and sweet.

—*Longfellow.*

The proper means of increasing the love we bear
to our native country is to reside some time in a
foreign one.—*Shenstone.*

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
 Which gave the Republic her station.
 "United we stand—divided we fall!"
 It made and preserved us a nation.

—*Geo. P. Morris.*

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given!
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin!
 Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with
 these names! Washington, whose sword, as my friend
 has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his
 country, and never sheathed when wielded in his
 country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the
 thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare!

—*John Quincy Adams.*

Our native song,—our native song,
 Oh, where is he who loves it not?
 The spell it holds is deep and strong,
 Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
 Let other music greet our ear,
 With thrilling fire or dulcet tone,
 We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
 But yet, oh, yet 'tis not our own.
 The anthem chant, the ballad wild,
 The notes that we remember long,
 The theme we sing with lisping tongue,
 'Tis this we love,—our native song.

—*Eliza Cook.*

The love of country is universal. It has its seat deep
 down in the human heart. It strengthens with our
 years; it is not weakened by distance, and we all feel
 the magnetism of its wondrous power.

—*Hon. John F. Dillon.*

God bless the flag ! let it float and fill
 The sky with its beauty ;—our heartstrings thrill
 To the low, sweet chant of its wind-swept bars,
 And the chorus of all its clustered stars.
 Embrace it, O mothers, and heroes shall grow
 While its colors blush warm on your bosoms of snow.
 Defend it, O fathers, there's no sweeter death
 Than to float its fair folds with a soldier's last breath!
 And love it, O children, be true to the sires
 Who wove it in pain by the old camp-fires.

—*Samuel L. Simpson.*

By every act let us encourage and promote the true principles of the government. Let the love of liberty hereafter, as heretofore, be dearer than love of life. Let it be our highest aim to promote and uphold everywhere a spirit of strict honesty, and be a virtuous and exalted community, living under and enjoying all the institutions of a model republic.—*Hon. C. S. Chase.*

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
 Floats that banner bright and holy,
 In the rays of freedom's sun ;
 In the nation's heart embedded,
 O'er our Union newly wedded,
 One in all, and all in one.

As it floated long before us,
 Be it ever floating o'er us,
 O'er our land from shore to shore
 There are freemen yet to wave it,
 Millions who would die to save it,
 Wave it, save it evermore.

—*Dexter Smith.*

We have had our troubles as a nation. Our domestic war passed over this fair land, leaving its mark on each brow, its shadow in each household. But, thank God, that is over now. Sweet peace blesses the whole land, and slavery, the cause of the war, is no more a part of the system. Now, every man, woman, and child is raised to the dignity of an American freeman, and we all rejoice that it is so. That bright, triumphant banner of liberty now floats proudly over every foot of American soil.—*Hon. I. C. Parker.*

God of peace, whose spirit fills
 All the echoes of our hills,
 All the murmurs of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er.
 Oh, let freemen be our sons,
 And let future Washingtons
 Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
 Till there's war no more.

—*John Pierpont.*

Liberty is a solemn thing, a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please, but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world,—to govern itself.—*Orville Dewey.*

Then up with our flag!—let it stream on the air;
 Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
 They had hands that could strike, they had souls
 that could dare,
 And their sons were not born to be slaves.
 Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,
 Our millions shall rally around,
 And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall
 When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

—*George Washington Cutter.*

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and
 flame;
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!—*Holmes.*

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